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FEIGNED INSANITY.

VARIOUS cases of simulated madness are recorded from the time when it was feigned by Ulysses to avoid joining the Greek army in the expedition against Troy; but in civil life, they have nearly all been confined to persons who have pretended to be insane with the view of being acquitted of crimes for which they have been charged, and it was on this account assumed by Guiteau on his trial for the assassination of President Garfield. Common soldiers and sailors have also simulated mental aberration, not only for the same object, but to escape from the service. The facts concerning these malingering cases are scattered through several medico-psychological publications, and although none appear to furnish us with anything like an exhaustive account of them, an approximate full collection of such are obtainable from Bucknill and Tuke's *Manual of Psychological Medicine* (fourth edition, London, 1879); Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (third edition, London, 1883); Browne's *Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity* (second American edition, San Francisco, 1875); Wharton and Stille's *Medical Jurisprudence* (third edition, Philadelphia, 1873); and the *Journal of Mental Science*. It is mostly from these publications that the following instances are given to our readers.

In their excellent *Manual of Psychological Medicine*, Drs Bucknill and Tuke state that 'all the features of every case of insanity form a consistent whole, and it requires as much intelligence to conceive and to represent, as it does not to conceive and represent, any dramatic character;' and in confirmation of this statement, they rightly add, that 'two of the most perfect pictures of insanity presented to us in the plays of Shakspeare are the madness of Hamlet—assumed to escape the machinations of his uncle—and that of Edgar in *Lear*, assumed to escape the persecutions of his brother. In both instances, however, the deception was practised by educated gentlemen; and on the authority of the great dramatic psychologist, it perhaps

may be accepted that the phenomena of insanity may be feigned by a skilful actor like Hamlet so perfectly that no flaw can be detected in the representation.'

As it seldom happens that any but ignorant people attempt to simulate intellectual derangement, and as they generally entertain the erroneous idea that it consists of the most violent and absurd conduct, and that all the conditions and relations of those who suffer from it are entirely reversed, feigners of madness mostly overact or improperly play their part; and hence it is that, by their various peculiarities of conduct and mixing different forms of insanity together, never met with in real mental disease, their deceit is soon detected. On account of the supposed violent actions, vociferations, and absurd language of mania, this kind of madness is more frequently assumed than any other. Monomania is more difficult to simulate, and is easier to discover; but dementia, which consists in an entire cessation of intellectual power, is more easily feigned. As idiocy and imbecility are conditions of congenital deficiency which have existed from birth, they are both exceedingly difficult to assume. We are told that an acute observer of the peculiarities of chronic mania may, if he be an excellent mimic, imitate it so as to deceive the most experienced medico-psychologist. It is also very difficult to ascertain whether a person who pretends to be insane is so or not, if he is continually passive and obstinately silent; but to succeed in this attempt, the impostor must have a very rare strength of will and patience, and the mental strain required to be undergone for this purpose is immense, and almost intolerable, as the dramatic powers of such a simulator must often for weeks at a time be kept on the stretch, in the faithful representation of manners and modes of thought far more difficult to indicate than those which are shown on the stage of a theatre. In the last edition of Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (1883), we are told that 'in real insanity a person will not admit that he is insane; in the feigned

state, all his attempts are directed to make people believe that he is mad.' Thus, it is stated that, in a case that occurred in Edinburgh some years ago, as it was doubtful whether an individual was simulating madness or not, those who had charge of him in prison were quite convinced, from his clear statements and coherence, that he was perfectly sane, and that his strange conduct was merely eccentricity, or feigned attempts to act mental derangement. There was no doubt, however, that he was insane, although he made desperate attempts to convince the court that he was not, and made very clear and quick observations upon the testimony of medical men against his sanity; and when one leading medico-psychologist said that he thought him entirely unable to give information to counsel and agents for conducting his defence, he instantly said: 'Then why do you advise me to apply to and see counsel and agents?' Dr Laurent, in the *Annales d'Hygiène* (1866), says that persons who have for some days or weeks pretended that they were mad, have in the end really become so. In support of the assertion, he quotes the case of two sailors who in a very successful manner had for a short time simulated mental alienation, to escape imprisonment; but ultimately they became insane.

In the *Allgemeine Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie* for December 1855, Dr Snell states that at the House of Correction at Eberbach, a prisoner endeavoured for some years to escape punishment by feigning madness. He would not work. He danced round his cell, sang unconnected words and melodies, and made a peculiar booming sound. To any one who went into his cell, he put on a forced stupid look, and glanced at people sideways, but generally fixed his eyes on the floor or on the wall. He either gave no replies to questions, or entirely wrong answers, nor would he recognise the people he constantly saw. This is a remarkable instance of a simulator greatly overacting the part of a madman. At the Lewes winter assizes, a prisoner sentenced to fifteen years' transportation for burglary, after being committed to jail, deceived three of the visiting magistrates and two medical men by feigning insanity; and a certificate was about to be signed for his removal as a supposed lunatic, when his imposture was discovered by his making a confidant of one of his fellow-prisoners. He had previously been sentenced to ten years' transportation for robbery at Leicester; and on being sent to Millbank prison, he deceived the medical officers there by pretending to be insane, so that they certified him to be such; and he was taken to Bethlehem Hospital, commonly called Bedlam, where he stayed two years, and then received a ticket-of-leave. A case is mentioned, in the *Journal of Mental Science* for October 1881, by Dr Robertson, Physician to the City Parochial Asylum and Hospital, Glasgow, of a Thomas Dolan, who was tried for the murder of Edward Devine at Glasgow in July 1880. After his arrest, the prisoner feigned insanity for about four months, and then confessed, the day before his trial, to Drs Robertson and Yellowlees, that he had been assuming mad-

ness. As the jury returned a verdict of culpable homicide in the terms of the prisoner's confession, he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Dr Robertson properly adds, that 'it is satisfactory to think that the prisoner's attempt at imposition was exposed. Had it been successful, there would have been a serious miscarriage of justice, and other criminals would have been encouraged to practise similar deception in future cases.'

We are told that epilepsy, which is sometimes connected with insanity, can be, and is imitated, and that beggars live by fits; one detected in this deceit confessing that he had been taught the trick by his father, who had studied the symptoms in a book. A case of well-simulated epilepsy is mentioned by Legrand du Saule. That great French psychological physician, Esquirol, boasted that no cunning could prevent him from detecting a case of assumed epilepsy. One of his pupils shortly afterwards fell suddenly, was convulsed, and presented all the severer symptoms of this disease. Esquirol, 'looking with deep anxiety, turned to those around, saying: 'Ah, poor boy; he is an epileptic.' His pupil then sprang to his feet, crying: 'You see, my master, that we can simulate an attack of epilepsy.' That feigner was Calmiel, the greatest authority upon general paralysis. Sailors who prefer deck-work to going aloft frequently simulate this disease. An examination of the hands, however, during the seizure is generally a true test whether it is real or not, as the thumb of the real epileptic is invariably held down into the palm by the other fingers. A practised ear should also be able to distinguish the peculiar scream which always accompanies the seizure. Mr Wharton, the famous American writer upon medical jurisprudence, states that at a recent German trial, the parents of two young girls, one eleven and the other fifteen, claimed public relief on account of the children being subject to epileptic fits. For a long time, they were under close medical examination, and even received into a hospital, where they were under continual notice. The elder girl was affected by this disease in its worst shape, being prostrated by convulsive attacks of extraordinary violence, which afterwards left her in a state of absolute exhaustion. As suspicion was roused respecting the sincerity of these patients, one of the officers at the hospital, much against the objections of the medical attendants, threatened the elder of the two with severe discipline if she had another fit. The threat was successful, as no fit was repeated; and the children confessed that, to excite sympathy and obtain money, they had simulated this disease.

Several rules have been given by medico-psychologists for the discovery of feigned insanity. One is, that in real mental aberration, there is generally some probable cause for such, but not in that which is simulated; and that, while the former is always sudden, the latter is seldom so. Schürmayer, in his *Theoretico-practical Compendium of Forensic Medicine*, says that 'close attention should be first directed to the entire exterior of the subject—his posture, his motions, his gestures, his eyes, his words, his intonation, and above all, the first impression produced upon his mind by the appearance of the physician. What most distinctly characterises a mental disease, and is never misunderstood by a skilful physician,

is the physiognomy of such a patient. The eye of a madman is the mirror of his soul. He lacks the calm, unobstructed gaze peculiar to the sane, untouched by passion or excitement.' Heinroth, another eminent German psychologist, in his *System of Judicial Forensic Medicine*, also states, in confirmation of the above statement, that 'the cunning leer of a lunatic, the savage glare of a maniac, the lack-lustre eyes of a splenetic, or the meaningless stare of an imbecile, cannot be counterfeited.'

Great reliance is placed by all psychological physicians upon the physiognomy of the insane, which cannot be simulated, and which, in the absence of sleep, is generally characteristic of intellectual derangement, and is not observed in the impostor. The violence of a maniac continues whether he is alone or not; while the feigner only pretends to be insane when he thinks he is watched; therefore, by isolating and continually looking at him when he thinks he is not observed, his deceit may soon be discovered. Dr Conolly, late resident physician at the county of Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, and who is said to have done more than any other medical man in this country for the reformed treatment of the insane, says that he can hardly imagine a case of feigned madness which would elude an efficient system of observation. Again, a person suffering from acute mania is furious both day and night, and sleeps but little, and very unsoundly; but a simulator of this disease sleeps from exhaustion as well as a healthy person.

Threats of corporal punishment have proved successful in the discovery of pretended mental aberration; but the administration of medicine is more justifiable, and is likely to be more efficient for this purpose, though there are few cases of imitated madness which require this for its detection; but a dose of opium may occasionally hasten the discovery, if sufficient means of patiently watching the suspected simulator are not available. Chloroform has recently been used in France for determining real from feigned insanity, as it is thought that during the intoxication produced by this drug, a real maniac will continue to rave on the subject of his delusions, and that one assuming this character will be overcome by its influence, and therefore his deceit will be manifest; but Drs Bucknill and Tuke entertain doubts upon both these points, and state, in their *Manual of Psychological Medicine*, that they had 'verified by repeated experiments that a real maniac under the influence of chloroform, administered to a degree short of producing coma, will sometimes, under its transitory influence, become tranquil and docile.'

The main reason why there appear to have been so many successful imitations of insanity on the one hand, and why simulators of such have not been detected more frequently, or sooner than they have been, is owing to the very deficient knowledge which the majority of our medical men possess of insanity. This disadvantage is forcibly pointed out by Dr Blandford and other eminent medico-psychologists, in their evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Lunacy Laws in 1877, and also in the *Lancet* in 1879, which states that 'it is impossible to assume the existence of any special

competency to determine the difficult question of sanity or insanity on the part of medical men generally;' and that the testimony of an unskilled certifier of insanity 'is not simply useless, but a delusion and a snare.' The cause of this deplorable lack of psychological knowledge by the medical profession is owing to the want of a good system of clinical lectures upon mental disease in the wards of lunatic asylums, and the fact that insanity is not a compulsory subject for examination by any of the medical corporations. We are glad, however, to notice that the University of London, and the Royal College of Physicians of London, have given a little encouragement for the study of this disease by those who seek diplomas from these bodies; but little result appears to have been gained by this step. At the annual meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association in 1879, it was unanimously resolved that 'this Association petition the General Medical Council to have mental diseases made a subject of examination for all degrees and licenses in medicine in the United Kingdom.' Lord Shaftesbury and Mr Wilkes, two of the Lunacy Commissioners for England and Wales, in their testimony before the Select Committee just referred to, expressed their opinions in favour of clinical lectures being given to medical students upon insanity; while Dr J. Crichton Browne, one of the Lord Chancellor's Visitors in Lunacy, told this Committee that he thought 'it would be a great improvement if it were made compulsory upon medical men to obtain some training in lunacy during their medical education.'

It is to be hoped that the important statements we have mentioned, and numerous others of a like kind, will soon cause proper means to be adopted materially to increase the knowledge of insanity among our medical men generally, so as to render them far more competent to discharge the important duties and responsibilities intrusted to them in connection with this malady.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XLII.—FORGIVENESS.

THE servants at Castel Vawr had work enough to do, and matter enough to fill their puzzled minds to overflowing, on the eventful morning of the interrupted marriage. When bewildered Lady Barbara returned home from the church with the half-unconscious bride, she found an urgent telegram awaiting her. It was a happy thought on the part of Sir Pagan Carew to send that telegram. It simply announced the early arrival, per such-and-such a train, of himself and his sister, and requested that a carriage might be in waiting at the station. Lady Barbara frowned; but she had her iron nerves under strong control, and she gave orders as distinctly as one of the Great Frederick's highly trained officers might have done, had that will-crushing monarch commanded him to make the necessary arrangement for his own military execution and unceremonious funeral.

'It is Sir Pagan—Sir Pagan Carew—and Her Ladyship, his sister, whom you are to wait for at the station,' she said, in her austere tone.

She could not bring herself to tell the liveried serving-man that it was his true mistress, the genuine Marchioness of Leominster, who was to be conveyed to Castel Vawr in her own carriage; but servants know far more than we tell them, and the respectful 'Yes, My Lady,' of the man addressed, meant more than mere mechanical obedience.

Within the castle, for a time, something like anarchy reigned. The best drilled household, like the best drilled regiment, is capable of being disorganised by violent excitement; and then, too, the mansion contained many who were not servants, but decorators, assistant-cooks and pastry-cooks, artificers in fireworks, florists—all called in to be useful in the festivities. There was much disappointment. There was even more of curiosity. The few dignified guests—Duke and Duchess, the Marquis, the Bishop, with excited Lord Putney, and grim Lady Barbara—were shut up in the Painted Room, in solemn conclave with Mr Pontifex, who alone held the key of the enigma. The lawyer, of course, had to relate, as guardedly as professional etiquette and a sense of duty dictated, the real history of the great Leominster case—to set down, tersely, the proofs that had caused his client's cause to collapse like a burst bubble; and to make clear to prejudiced minds and dull wits how very complete was the solution of the mystery. But Mr Pontifex found his task unexpectedly easy. The guilt-stricken demeanour, the utter prostration, of the hapless bride, had done more to damage her cause in popular estimation than the most cogent arguments and the most convincing array of witnesses could have done.

'It has been very much on your account, Lord Putney, that I ventured on a step so unusual, so distressing, but so necessary,' said the little lawyer.

And Lord Putney, with real tears in his wrinkled old eyes, and looking as though by art magic he had aged a score of years within two hours, but still tapping the invaluable enamelled snuff-box that had been a gift from royalty, stammered out that he was 'mons'ous obliged' to Mr Pontifex. He was the first to depart from the castle where he had thought, with a lovely young wife on his padded arm, to reign as master; first to the hospitable mansion of Sir Timothy, and then, as soon as possible, to his bachelor abode in deserted London. Bishop, Marquis, Duke, and Duchess, were all busy with their preparations for a start.

Meanwhile, the unhappy bride remained in the seclusion of her own splendidly furnished suite of apartments, as Lady Barbara had left her. There is a well-spring of womanly kindness towards another weeping woman, which it takes a strong motive, such as bitter personal jealousy or a sharp sense of wrong, to dry up. In Lady Barbara's instance it was a sharp sense of wrong. She, who piqued herself on her wisdom, had been cruelly deceived. She had been paraded before the whole country-side as the friend and partisan of a proved impostor. For she, with feminine intuition, had not waited for Mr Pontifex to tell his tale, before her mind was made up. The conduct of the bride was to her fancy as complete a confession, before the lawyer spoke, as ever penitent uttered, with or

without the stimulus of rack or thumbscrew. So, when she brought her almost helpless charge back to Castel Vawr, she left her to the care of servants. 'Your women will look to your comfort,' she said coldly, as she withdrew.

Presently—it was not very long, by the mere prosaic measurement of hours and minutes, but it seemed an age to those who waited—there came the deep roll of the expected carriage, and the clash of hoofs and spurning of gravel, as the foam-flecked horses stopped in front of the stately main entrance of Castel Vawr. There was Sir Pagan, apologetic and uncomfortable; and there, in her plain black garb, was the lovely young Marchioness, the rightful sovereign, come back from unjust exile, from loneliness, suffering, suspicion undeserved, to take possession of her own. But there was no sparkle of triumph in those pure, clear eyes; no pride in the sad smile with which Clare of Leominster acknowledged the greetings of the obsequious servants, drawn up in double file to welcome their real mistress.

'My sister—where is my sister?'—that was all she said.

And when crestfallen Lady Barbara came almost penitentially to meet her and to crave her forgiveness for a great injury unwittingly done; and when the present Marquis, who alone, of privileged wedding-guests, lingered for a while, came up to say some good-natured words, Clare's answer to both of these loftily placed personages was such as became her. 'I thank you for your kind words, my lord,' she said gracefully to the Marquis, who could never forget that he had been Dolly Montgomery; 'and I hope, some day, we may be friends. At anyrate, on my side, as on yours, I am sure there is no feeling which is not friendly.'

To Lady Barbara she simply said: 'Do not, I beg of you, take it so much to heart. I never, Lady Barbara, looked on you as really my enemy. You stood for the right, as matters seemed. But now, forgive me, I can have but one thought—my sister.'

'Poor thing—poor thing! I hope, Lady Leominster, you will consider,' stammered out the kind, fat, blundering Marquis, reddening to the roots of his dyed hair, in a manner that made even rough Sir Pagan, speechless in the background, feel himself a Stoic and a man of the world in comparison. Very soft-hearted was weak Dolly Montgomery, and yet so shy, that it had caused him a painful effort to intercede for the offender. He had done his duty, however; and it was with a sense of relief that he turned upon Sir Pagan, whom he had met in many a resort of London men, and told the baronet first that he was awfully glad, and then that he was awfully sorry, and in fact was glibly incoherent. But Sir Pagan understood him perfectly well.

'Your sister, Lady Leominster, is up-stairs,' replied Lady Barbara, with extra stiffness. 'In bringing her back—overcome as she was by emotion, due to her sin having found her out—from the church which her presence disgraced, I felt that my acquaintance with Miss Cora Carew closed. In your hands I leave her; for, under present circumstances, even with your Ladyship's permission, Castel Vawr could be no longer a home for me. Preparations, then, for

my departure have already commenced. As for your miserable sister'—

'Miserable, yes; unhappy, yes. But spare me words of blame, where she is concerned, I pray you, Lady Barbara,' answered Clare gently, but proudly. 'Be sure that she, poor thing, suffers the most. It is not for us to break a bruised reed.'

Then the eyes of Lady Barbara, imperious eyes, angry, exacting, met those pure steadfast ones of Clare, Marchioness of Leominster, gentle, good, and merciful, in that hour of sudden success, that intoxicates so many with the fierce thrill and passion of triumph, but which merely served to show the girl's noble nature at its best. In her seemed realised some of the highest attributes of the chivalrous race from which she sprang—that tenderness to a worn-out servant, an old horse, an old hound, a feeble falcon that could hawk no more, that the decayed House she sprang from had been noted for of old. And as with consideration for a disabled retainer or a dumb friend past his work, so was it with open foes. More than one knight of the Carews, victorious after a sharp struggle, had held up his lance in the flush of the pursuit, and bidden his men, hot in chase after the runaways, 'spare Christian blood, and let the poor knaves go free.'

Lady Barbara was of another mould. The *lex talionis* was dear to her, and she had somewhat of Draco's austere spirit about her. She did like the sinner to suffer for his sin. The haughty spinster would have made a pattern squaw of the Sioux or the Comanches, always ready to inflict inexorably, or to endure unflinchingly, the tortures of the stake; nor did she see why culprits should not pay their penalty, richly deserved. But, somehow, she understood that in Clare she had met with a nature superior to her own; and, with a few confused words, she gave way to the new mistress of Castel Vawr.

Clare went to her sister. It was no easy matter to reach her. The unhappy pseudo-Marchioness retained enough of authority to enable her to deny admission to the apartments which she still occupied. For a time the trembling women who guarded her door kept to their post. 'Her Ladyship's orders—please, My Lady,' they repeated, with the instinct of long-practised obedience. But, after one or two repulses, Clare put them aside, gently but firmly. She went in, alone, through the pretty rooms, to where her conquered rival, in her last stronghold, awaited the dreaded coming of the sister whom she had injured, and who was now to be her judge. The bride-elect lay on her bed—her pale, tear-stained face half-hidden by the curtains, that were partly drawn, still in her bridal finery, a heap, as it were, of glimmering whiteness and flashing gems, cast recklessly down—in an attitude of despair. A bright fire of crackling logs burned in front of the bed, and by its light—for already clouds were dimming the fitful sunbeams of the short wintry day—the famous diamonds of the House of Leominster, stones that had a history, shone like stars on the head, the bosom, the slender arms, of the vanquished usurper, whose air of utter prostration seemed the more complete because of its contrast with the splendour of her wedding-array.

'I said I would not see you—I gave orders that I should not be disturbed,' she said sullenly.

'I had to force my way to you,' answered the

silvery tones of Clare, as she bent over the bed. 'I am at home now, you know, Cora, dear; and it is for me to insist,' she added, half playfully, half tearfully, as she tried to take one of the bride's cold hands in hers.

Resentfully, her sister pushed her back. 'How you must hate me!' she cried out shrilly, as she raised her head, and looked with wild eyes at the intruder, like a hunted animal driven to bay.

'I hate you, dear sister! Clare hate Cora—her other self, the dear one that grew up at her side, when we two were poor neglected young things, after our mother died, in our Devon home!' said the sweet, kind voice; and, somehow, the girl who lay upon the bed, gorgeous in her bridal attire, winced at every soft word as at a blow.

'You—must hate me—as I deserve!' she said, sinking back and trying—so it seemed—to hide her face among the pillows.

'Believe me, my own sister, Cora dear, I loved you throughout, and in spite of all,' went on the Marchioness. Nor even when, in that memorable interview in Leominster House, she had appealed in vain to her usurping sister's better nature, had there been such pathos and such music in her voice—never had she pleaded before as she pleaded now—now, when all were won over to her side, now in the hour of success. 'Had it not been for Wilfred's sake— But never mind that now. Come, Cora, let all be forgotten and forgiven. Let us kiss and be friends! It has been a dreadful dream—a painful time. Poor Clare has been very sad and very lonely; nor have you, dear, been happy, I am sure; but now I have come home it will be all right, and we two shall be loving sisters, as before, and'—

'Is it possible?' cried the girl, looking up, and thrusting back from her temples the dishevelled gold of her hair. 'Can you forgive me even that—or are you mocking me?' Her eyes, swimming in tears, met those eyes of Clare's, which might have been the eyes of an angel, glorious, merciful, looking down upon her; and for the first time, her heart, warped, but not hardened, was touched. She hid her face.—'Clare, Clare!' she broke out passionately, 'I was wicked, I was mad—a false sister, a fickle friend! All that may now be said of me is true, and I acknowledge the great wrong I did you. But it was because I was weak, and let myself be lured on by the persuasions of that French temptress, of the wily intriguer, who first whispered in my ear how easy would success be, and how great the prize to be won. But, sister, your wretched Cora has been punished already. Indeed, indeed, I have repented, ever since, of that wickedness. I was too bucklered in my stubborn pride—we Carews are proud—and too much ashamed, to own the truth, often as I longed to tell it. Often and often, in the stillness of the night, "Oh, would that I had never done it!" has been my cry, as it might have been that of a lost spirit. I felt like one. I did not dare to pray. And yet, I was obstinate in my evil path. Never, I fear, should I have had the grace to own the truth; but now I am glad—yes, sister, glad, that the mask is torn off, and my sin has found me out, and men know me for the hateful thing I am! And—and I will go away, and not be a sorrow or disgrace to those who bear my name, any more.'

Very gently, soothingly, and with infinite patience—such patience as love alone confers—her nobler sister calmed, with kisses and tender words, the passionate sorrow of the wild and wayward girl. 'All is forgiven; let all be forgotten, and let us two be as before. Come, Cora, dear—for old Clare's sake!'

And at last the frantic outburst of grief and self-upbraiding was hushed; and, calling her women, and leaving them to disrobe her, Clare left her unhappy sister, broken in spirit indeed, but not utterly desperate, now that the dreaded meeting had taken place. And then the Marquis went, and even Lady Barbara departed, and only Mr Pontifex and Sir Pagan stayed on with the sisters at Castel Vawr.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF PORT-ROYAL.

ONE of the most common popular ideas connected with Jamaica is, that it is periodically afflicted with earthquakes and hurricanes, whose ravages are of the most appalling character, and on the most extensive scale. To this absurd impression the Creoles have themselves in some degree contributed; for having once been visited with one of the most severe earthquakes on record—that which destroyed the flourishing town of Port-Royal in 1692—and having suffered on the 28th of August 1712 and the same day in 1722, from an unusually destructive hurricane, they continued for more than a hundred and fifty years to impress these facts upon the public mind, by observing the anniversaries of these two disastrous events as solemn fasts. It was not till 1867 that the obligatory observance of these anniversaries was rendered permissive by the legislature.

But if earthquakes are not so common in Jamaica, or indeed in any of the West India islands, as to cause that normal dread of them which prevails in Peru and some other countries, their occurrence is still a sufficiently ordinary event to justify the alteration of the well-known supplication in the litany in all the Anglican churches throughout the colony into, 'From earthquake, lightning, and tempest, good Lord, deliver us!' One, two, or perhaps three, take place annually; and if unusually severe, a kitchen chimney may be thrown down, or an ill-constructed wall of an outside building slightly cracked. But accidents are extremely rare; and beyond a notice of a few lines in a local paper the following day, the earthquake is forgotten almost as soon as it is over.

No one, however, who has once experienced a sharp shock of earthquake, will desire its more frequent recurrence. For the most part, these shocks occur during the night; and whether it is that the silence and solemnity of the hour contribute to the unpleasantness of the sensations which they produce, their effect upon all living things is of the most painful and awe-inspiring description. Just before an earthquake happens, an indescribable stillness, easily recognisable by an experienced observer, seems to fall upon nature. The very wind appears to hold its breath, and with the rest of creation, animate and inanimate, to wait in terror for the approaching convulsion. Then comes a low and deep rolling

noise, gradually growing louder, till it resembles a number of heavily laden wains crushing down the stones on a roughly metalled road. The house begins to rock; doors fly open, crockery rattles, furniture is moved from its place; and a feeling of the most abject and utter powerlessness and insignificance seizes one, which is closely allied to fear, and which is apparently shared by the lower animals as well as by mankind. In a moment all is over; and then, as by a sudden impulse, dogs begin to bark, cocks to crow, horses to neigh, and cattle to low; and you spring from your bed, probably to discover that you are feeling very sick, headachy, and uncomfortable. Creoles say that the first shock of an earthquake seldom does damage. It is the succeeding ones which they fear. The remark appears to derive confirmation from the story of the great earthquake which reduced Port-Royal to ruins.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Port-Royal was the principal town in Jamaica, and for a place of its size, probably the richest spot in the world at the time. Spanish-Town—or as it was then called, St Jago de la Vega—had ceased to be the capital. As for Kingston, it was but a petty village; and the now populous plains of Liguanea were barren and bare—covered with wild 'bush,' with a few negro huts dotted about over the wide expanse of scrub and grass, with here and there clumps of cedar and other timber-trees, of which no traces now remain.

Port-Royal was founded in 1657 by General Brayne, and was at first known by the name of Point Cagway or Cagua, a corruption probably of *carragua*, the Indian name of the corato or great aloe, which overspreads the adjacent Salt-Pan Hill. The little promontory on which the town was built resembled the figure of a scorpion. Between its two antennæ lay its noble harbour, in which a thousand tall ships might, except in hurricanes, ride in safety. Its rise had been as rapid as had been the fall of its great rival St Jago de la Vega. In 1661, when it was visited by Captain Hickeringill, its sandy bay was covered with only about five hundred houses. In 1672 the number of residences had increased to eight hundred and fifty. In 1673 its population was estimated at nineteen hundred and seventy-seven souls, of which three hundred and twelve were negroes, and the remainder were whites. Twenty years later, when it was at the height of its prosperity, the number of its houses was calculated at two thousand, and its population had increased to three thousand five hundred.

Yet the town possessed few natural advantages. It had neither earth, wood, nor water. Very little of it could boast of even a solid foundation; the greater part of it being built on sand. The spit of land on which it stood was joined on to the coral reef of the Palisades by a mere ridge of the same unstable material. Yet on this shifting basis, enlarged and strengthened by piles and wharfs driven into the beach, stood the larger portion of the town. Here were the principal streets, the King's House, where the Governor resided, the school, the church, and the Navy Yard. Here stood three of the forts which guarded it. With the exception of Fort Charles and a few of the houses on the southern side, which were built on a rock, all rested on the same uncertain foundation.

Jamaica was very proud of Port-Royal in those days. Its houses were sound, substantial buildings, built of brick, and as high as the houses of London were at the same period. Its principal fort carried sixty pieces of ordnance, 'as good as any that London could afford.' It exported ginger annatto, cacao, cotton, pimento, fustic, mahogany, and lignum vitæ; and the bulk of its population consisted of a moneyed, or at least a money-making class—merchants, tavern-keepers, vintners, and 'retailers of punch.' The last formed an unusually large body. Their shops were much frequented by the Spaniards; and they were under the especial patronage of the buccaneers, who at that time swarmed in the island. The old Histories are full of not very edifying stories of the orgies which used to take place in these close and filthy haunts. One man is reported to have spent in one of them seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling in a month. After the town was reduced to ruins, there were not wanting those who attributed to these disorderly houses the calamity which had swallowed up the innocent with the guilty.

The 7th of June 1692 was a hot, clear, sunshiny day. Scarcely a cloud was to be seen, and not a breath of air relieved the intensity of the heat. About twenty minutes to twelve, a very slight trembling of the ground was perceived, which was at once recognised as a shock of earthquake. A second shock, stronger than the preceding, accompanied with a hollow rumbling noise, immediately succeeded, followed almost without a moment's cessation by a third, which lasted about a minute. In two minutes from the commencement of the first shock, the city was in ruins. All the principal streets—which were next to the water—sunk at once, and with them the people who were on them. A high rolling wave closed over them, and in an instant, sixteen hundred human beings—amongst them the Attorney-general, the Provost-marshal, and the Lord-secretary—found a grave. Incredible as it may almost appear, one of those who thus descended into the pit was permitted to return to the land of the living. This was Louis Galdy, a Frenchman. Swallowed up by the second shock, he was by the third thrown into the sea, where he saved himself by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived for forty-four years afterwards; becoming a member of the House of Assembly, and subsequently Churchwarden for Port-Royal. He was buried at Green Bay, adjoining the Apostle's Battery; and there, on his tombstone, on a white marble slab, bearing his arms, with the motto, 'Dieu sur tout,' is still to be read the following inscription, which gives the particulars of his miraculous escape: 'Here lies the body of LOUIS GALDY, Esquire, who departed this life at Port-Royal, the 22d December 1736, aged eighty. He was born at Montpellier, in France; but left that country for his religion, and came to settle in this island, where he was swallowed up in the great earthquake in the year 1692, and, by the providence of God, was by another shock thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after, in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him, and much lamented at his death.'

The bank of sand which reached from the fort

to the Palisades was submerged along its whole length. Some of the streets were laid several fathoms under water, and the sea rose as high as the upper stories of the houses which remained. It was supposed that the weight of so many brick houses contributed to their downfall; for—as was also observed in the great earthquake which ravaged Syracuse and other towns in Sicily in the following year—the ground gave way as far as the houses rested on a sandy foundation, and no farther.

The sea was no less agitated than the land. The harbour presented all the appearance of a storm. Huge waves rolling on to the shore, snapped the cables of large ships, drove some of them from their moorings, and upset others. The *Swan* frigate, which was lying by the wharf to careen, was driven over the tops of the highest houses, and was thus providentially the means of saving some hundreds of the inhabitants. Dead bodies covered the surf, and for days and weeks afterwards floated up into Kingston harbour, or were found strewn along the coast.

Fortunately for us, we possess in two letters, written by the then Rector of Port-Royal, one of the most graphic and at the same time touching accounts of this dreadful catastrophe.

'On Wednesday the 7th,' he writes on the 22d June 1692, to a friend, 'I had been at prayers, which I did every day since I was Rector of Port-Royal, to keep up some show of religion amongst a most ungodly and debauched people, and was gone to a place near the church where merchants used to meet, and where the President of the Council then was. To this gentleman's friendship, under the direction of the gracious and over-ruling will of Providence, I ascribe my own happy and miraculous escape, for by pressing instances I was prevailed upon to decline an invitation which I had before accepted, to dine with [a gentleman] whose house upon the first concussion sank into the sea, and with it his wife, his children, himself, and all the guests who were with him—every soul perished in this general, this dreadful devastation! Had I been of the number of his guests, my fate had been involved in theirs. But to return. We had scarce dined at the President's, before I began to feel the earth heave and roll under me. Said I: "Lord, sir! what's this?" He replied composedly: "It is an earthquake; be not afraid; it will soon be over!" But it increased; and we heard the church* and tower fall, upon which we ran to save our lives. I quickly lost him, and made towards Morgan's Fort, which, being a wide, open place, I thought to be there secure from the falling houses; but as I made towards it, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon us over the fortification. I then laid aside all hope of escaping, and resolved to make towards my own lodgings, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could. From the place where I was forced to cross through two or three very narrow streets, the houses and walls fell on each side of me. Some of the bricks came rolling over my feet, but never hurt me. When I came to my lodgings, I found all things in the order I left them. I

* The cracked bell of the church of old Port-Royal is still preserved in the Public Museum, Kingston.

then went to the balcony, to view the street in which our house stood, and saw never a house down there nor the ground as much as cracked. The people, seeing me, cried out to come and pray with them. When I came into the street, every one laid hold of my clothes and embraced me, so that I was almost stifled with their kindness. I persuaded them at last to kneel down and make a large ring, which they did. I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost spent with the heat of the sun and the exercise. They then brought me a chair—the earth working all the while with new motion, and trembling like the rolling of the sea—inasmuch that when I was at prayers I could hardly keep upon my knees. By the time I had been half an hour longer with them, setting before them their sins and previous provocations, and seriously exhorting them to repentance, there came merchants of the place, who desired me to go on board some ship to refresh myself, telling me that they had a boat to carry me off. I found that the sea had swallowed up the wharf and all the goodly brick houses upon it, most of them as fine as those at Cheapside, and two entire streets beyond that. From the tops of some houses which lay level with the water, I first got into a canoe, and then in a long boat, which put me on board a ship called the *Siam Merchant*. There I found the President safe, who was overjoyed to see me. I continued in it that night, but could not sleep for the returns of the earthquake almost every hour, which made all the guns of the ship to jar and rattle.

Next day I went from ship to ship to visit those who were bruised and dying, also to do the last office at the sinking of several corpses which came floating from the Point. This, indeed, has been my sorrowful employment ever since I came on board this ship. Besides, the people being so desperately wicked, it makes me afraid to stay in the place, for every day this terrible earthquake happened as soon as night came on.

A company of lewd rogues whom they called Privateers fell to breaking open warehouses and houses deserted, and to rifle their neighbours, while the earth trembled under them, and the houses fell on some of them in the act. . . .

'The day when all this befell us was very clear, and afforded not the suspicion of the least evil; but in the space of three minutes, about half an hour after eleven in the morning, Port-Royal, then the finest town of the English plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, rich, plentiful of all good things, was shaken and shattered to pieces, sunk into and covered, for the greatest part, by the sea. Few of the houses are left whole, and every day we hear them fall.'

Out of the whole town, the fort and about two hundred houses were all that was left standing. Upwards of two thousand people, whites and negroes, perished.

In a subsequent letter, the Rector writes: 'It is a sad sight to see this harbour—one of the finest I ever saw—covered with dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial; for our burying-place was destroyed by the earthquake, which dashed to pieces tombs; and the sea washed the carcases

of those who have been buried out of their graves. We have had accounts from several parts of the island, but none suffered like Port-Royal; whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which, when shut upon them, squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several are left with their heads above ground; only some heads the dogs have eaten; the others are covered with dust and earth by the people who yet remain in the place.'

Few persons, however, remained. By far the greater portion of the survivors precipitately left the town, and took refuge in the plains of Liguanea. There, exposed to the noxious vapours with which the air was poisoned, dwelling in wretched huts, which scarcely protected them from the sun or from the rain, with insufficient food, scared minds, and debilitated bodies, it is not surprising that malignant fever broke out amongst them, and that those whom the earthquake left, the pestilence devoured. The plague, in fact, became general. Three thousand persons are said to have died of it. At Kingston, five hundred graves were dug in a month, and two or three bodies buried in each grave.

For more than a month afterwards, slight shocks continued to be felt. 'During these convulsions,' says Long, 'the most offensive odours were emitted from every fissure and opening made in the sand near the harbour. The sky became dull and reddish, which indicated a plentiful discharge of vapours from the earth; the weather grew hotter than had been observed before the shock; and such swarms of mosquitoes infected the coasts as to astonish the inhabitants; the beauty of the mountains was quite effaced, and instead of the lively, youthful verdure, they appeared distorted with fragments, bare and furrowed.' Browne, speaking of the same event, says: 'The mountains rumbled, cracked, and opened in several places;' and Sir Hans Sloane observes: 'I have seen in the mountains afar off bare spots, which the inhabitants told me were the effects of earthquakes throwing down part of the hills, which continued bare and steep.'

Other districts of the island besides Port-Royal suffered severely from the earthquake. On the north side, upwards of a thousand acres of land were sunk and thirteen persons engulfed. It left not a house standing at Passage Fort, and only one in Liguanea. It destroyed most of the planters' habitations in the country, and all in St Jago de la Vega, except those which had been built by the Spaniards, which were very low, were 'of ground rooms only,' and rested 'on posts, which were as much buried underground as they stood above.' Nay, even the eternal hills were believed to have been affected by it. 'Some were of opinion that they had sunk a little; others, that the whole island had somewhat subsided; for they observed that several wells in Liguanea did not require so long a rope by two or three feet as they did before the earthquake. However,' adds Long, 'it is more natural to account for the change to suppose that the water had risen higher; for in all these violent convulsions of the earth, it is well known that springs are mostly affected.'

Little by little, as their fears wore off, the inhabitants began to return. But when they came to examine the extent of the injuries which

their town had received, it was found that the sand on its south side had sunk so low that it was feared the sea would encroach too fast, and endanger the few houses that were still left standing there. To guard against this, the legislature enacted that this portion of the town should be rebuilt on its old site. But those who could do so, erected their houses on a more stable foundation; and accordingly round the rock where the principal fort used to stand, rose the second and still existing town of Port-Royal.

THE ROSERY FOLK.

CHAPTER VI.—AUNT SOPHIA ON BOATS.

THE encounter completely spoiled the doctor's walk, and he turned back sooner than he had intended, meeting Aunt Sophia and Naomi Raleigh in the garden, and accompanying them in to the breakfast-table, where the matter was forgotten in the discussion that ensued respecting returns to town. Of these, Scarlett would hear nothing, for he had made his plans. He said they were to dine at five; and directly after, the boat would be ready, and they would pull up to the lock, and then float down home again by moon-light.

'Well,' said Scales, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'you are master here.'

'No, no,' replied his host; 'yonder sits the master;' and he pointed to his wife.

'How many will the boat hold safely, dear?' said Mrs Scarlett.

'Oh, a dozen, easily. Eighteen, if they would all sit still and not wink their eyes. We shan't be above seven, so that's all right.'

'You need not expect me to go,' said Aunt Sophia sharply. 'I'm not going to risk my life in a boat.'

'Pooh! auntie; there's no risk,' cried Scarlett. 'You'd better come.'

'No; I shall not!' said the lady very decisively.

'Why, auntie, how absurd!' said Scarlett, passing his arm round her waist. 'Now, what is the very worst that could happen?'

'Why, that boat would be sure to upset, James, and then we should all be drowned.'

'Now, my dear old auntie,' cried Scarlett, 'the boat is not at all likely to upset; in fact, I don't think we could upset her; and if she were, it does not follow that we should be drowned.'

'Why, we should certainly be, boy,' cried Aunt Sophia.—'Naomi, my dear, of course you have not thought of going?'

'Yes, aunt, dear; I should like to go very much,' said Naomi.

'Bless the child! Why?'

'The river is lovely, aunt, with the shadows of the trees falling upon it, and their branches reflected on its surface.'

'O yes; very poetical and pretty at your age, child,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'You never see the mud at the bottom, or think that it is wet and covered with misty fog in winter. Well, I suppose you must go.'

'Really, Miss Raleigh, we will take the greatest care of her,' said Prayle.

'I really should like to take the greatest care of you,' muttered the doctor.

'Well, I suppose you must go, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Oh, thank you, aunt!' cried the girl gleefully.

'Now, look here, James,' said Aunt Sophia; 'you will be very, very careful?'

'Of course, auntie.'

'And you won't be dancing about in the boat or playing any tricks?'

'No—no—no,' said Scarlett, at intervals. 'I faithfully promise, though I do not know why.'

'You don't know why, James?'

'No, dear. I never do play tricks in a boat. No one does but a madman, or a fool. Besides, I don't want to drown my little wife.'

'Now, James, don't be absurd. Who ever thought you did?'

'No one, aunt,' said Mrs Scarlett. 'But you will go with us, will you not?'

'No, my dear; you know how I hate the water. It is not safe.'

'But James is so careful, aunt. I'd go anywhere with him.'

'Of course you would, my child,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'A wife should trust in her husband thoroughly and well.'

'So should a maiden aunt in her nephew,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'Come, auntie, you shan't be drowned.'

'Now, James, my dear, don't try to persuade me,' said the lady, pulling up her black lace mittens in a peculiar, nervous, twitchy way.

'I'll undertake to do the best for you, if you are drowned, Miss Raleigh,' said the doctor dryly. 'I'm pretty successful with such cases.'

'Doctor Scales!' cried Aunt Sophia.

'Fact, my dear madam. An old friend of mine did the Royal Humane Society's business for them at the building in Hyde Park; and one very severe winter when I helped him, we really brought back to life a good many whom you might have quite given up.'

'Doctor, you horrify me,' cried Aunt Sophia.—'Naomi, my child, come away.'

'No, no: nonsense!' cried Scarlett. 'It's only Jack's joking way, auntie.'

'Joke!' cried the doctor; 'nonsense. The ice was unsafe; so of course the idiots insisted upon setting the police at defiance, and went on, to drown themselves as fast as they could.'

'How dreadful!' said Prayle.

'Very, for the poor doctors,' said Dr Scales grimly. 'I nearly rubbed my arms out of the sockets.'

'Kitty, dear, you stop with Aunt Sophia, then,' said Scarlett. 'We won't be very long away.'

'Stop!' cried Aunt Sophia sternly. 'Where is it you are going?'

'Up to the lock and weir,' said Scarlett. 'You and Kitty can sit under the big medlar in the shade till we come back.'

'The lock and weir?' cried Aunt Sophia sharply. 'That's where the water comes running through a lot of sticks, isn't it?'

'Yes, aunt, that's the place.'

'And you've seen it before?'

'Scores of times, dear.'

'Then why do you want to go now?'

'Because it will be a pleasant row.'

'Nonsense!' said Aunt Sophia shortly, 'pulling those oars and making blisters on your hands. Well, you must have your own way, I suppose.'

'All right, aunt. You won't think it queer of us to desert you?'

'Oh, you're not going to desert me, James.'

'Kitty will stay with you.'

'No; she will not,' said the old lady. 'I'm not going to deprive her of her treat.'

'I shan't mind, indeed, aunt,' cried Mrs Scarlett.

'Yes, you would; and you shall not be disappointed, for I shall go too.'

'You will, aunt?' cried Scarlett.

'Yes; if you promise to be very careful. And you are sure the boat is safe?'

'As safe as being on this lawn, my dear aunt. You trust to me. I am glad you are going.'

Aunt Sophia looked at the frank manly face before her, saw the truth in the eager eyes, and her thin, yellow, careworn countenance relaxed into a smile.

'Well, I'm going, James, because I don't want to disappoint your little wife,' she said to him in a low tone; 'but I don't see what pleasure it can give you to have a disagreeable old woman with you in the boat.'

They had moved off a little way from the others now, Scarlett having kept his arm round the old lady's waist, evidently greatly to her gratification, though, if it had been hinted at, she would have repudiated the fact with scorn.

'Can't you, auntie?' he said seriously. 'Well, I'll tell you.' He paused then, and seemed to be thinking.

'Well?' she said sharply; 'why is it? Now you are making up a flowery speech.'

'No,' he said softly. 'I was thinking of how precious little a young fellow thinks of his mother till she has gone. Auntie, every now and then, when I look at you, there is a something that brings her back so much. That's why I like to have you.'

Aunt Sophia did not speak; but her hard sharp face softened more and more as she went into the house, to come out, ten minutes later, in one of the most far-spreading Tuscan straw-hats that ever covered the head of a maiden lady; and the marvel to her friends was that she should have been able to obtain so old-fashioned a production in these modern times.

CHAPTER VII.—UP TO THE WEIR.

'That's the style. Hold her tight, Monnick.—Now, auntie, you first. Steady; that's the way. You won't swamp her.'

'But it gives way so, James, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia nervously.

'There you are. Sit down at once. Never stand up in a boat.—Is the cushion all right? That's the way.—Now, Naomi.—Hand her in, Jack.—Come along, Kitty.'

Mrs Scarlett gave her hand to her husband as soon as Naomi Raleigh was in, and stepped lightly from the gunwale to one thwart, and then took her place beside Aunt Sophia, Naomi being on the other.

'Arthur, old fellow, you'd better sit behind them and ship the rudder. Shorten the lines, and you can steer.—Ready, Jack?' he said as Prayle stepped into the boat and sat down on a thwart behind the ladies.

'Oh!' cried Aunt Sophia with a little scream; 'take him out; he's too heavy. He'll sink the boat.'

'Ha-ha-ha!' laughed the doctor.

'It's all right, auntie, I tell you,' cried Scarlett, making the boat dance up and down as he stepped in, and, stripping off his flannel jacket, rolled up his sleeves over his arms.

The doctor stepped in and imitated his friend, both standing up, fine muscular specimens of humanity, though wonderfully unlike in aspect.

'Now, you told me it was dangerous to stand up in a boat, James,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'Pray, pray, take care. And look, look—the boat has broken loose!' For the gardener had dropped the chain into the forepart, and it was drifting slowly with the stream.

'Ah, so she has,' cried Scarlett merrily; 'and if we don't stop her, she'll take us right to London before we know where we are.'

'But do, pray, sit down, my dear.'

'All right, auntie,' said Scarlett, dropping into his place, the doctor following suit.

'Oh, oh!' cried Aunt Sophia, catching tightly hold of her companions on each side; 'the boat's going over.'

'No, no, aunt, dear,' said Mrs Scarlett; 'it is quite safe.'

'But why did it rock?' cried the old lady tremulously. 'And look, look; there are only two of them there, and we are four at this end! We shall sink it, I'm sure.'

'Now, auntie, it's too bad of you to set up for a stout old lady, when you are as light as a cork,' cried Scarlett, dropping his oar with a splash.—'Ready, Jack?'

'Ready, ay, ready,' said the doctor, following suit; but his oar only swept the sedg.

'Gently,' said Scarlett; 'don't break the oar.—That's better; now you have it,' he said, as the head of the gig turned more and more, the doctor's oar took a good hold of the water; and in a few moments they were well out from the shore, the steady vigorous strokes sending them past the sloping lawn of the Rosery, which looked its best from the river.

'Place looks pretty from the water, doesn't it, Arthur?' shouted Scarlett.

'Delightful. A most charming home—charming, charming,' said Prayle, lowering his voice with each word, till it was heard as in a whisper by those on the seat in front.

'Don't feel afraid now, do you, auntie?' cried Scarlett to Aunt Sophia.

'N—not quite so much, my dear. But won't you make yourself very hot and tired?'

'Do him good, ma'am,' said the doctor; 'and me too.—Gently, old fellow, or you'll pull her head round. I'm not in your trim.'

Scarlett laughed, and pulled a little less vigorously, so that they rode on and on between the lovely banks, passing villa after villa, with its boat-house, lawn, and trimly kept garden. Then came a patch of trees laving their drooping branches in the stream; then a sweep of wood, climbing higher and higher into the background

on one hand ; while on the other the hills receded, leaving a lawn-like stretch of meadow-land, rich in the summer wild-flowers, and whose river-edge was dense with flag and sedge and willow-herb of lilac pink. The marsh-marigold shone golden, and the water-plantains spread their candelabra here and there. Great patches of tansy displayed their beautifully cut foliage ; while in sheltered pools, the yellow water-lilies sent up their leaves to float upon the calm surface, with here and there a round green ball in every grade of effort to escape from the tightening scales to form a golden chalice on the silver stream.

By degrees the beauty of the scene lulled Aunt Sophia's fears to rest, and she found sufficient faith in the safety of the boat to loosen her clutch upon the ladies on either side, to admire some rustic cottage, or the sweep of many-tinted verdure, drooping to the water's edge ; while here and there, at a word from Scarlett, the rowers let the boat go forward by its own impetus, slowly and more slowly, against the stream, so that its occupants could gaze upon some lovely reach. Then, as they sat in silence, watching the beauty spread around, the boat grew stationary, hung for a moment on the balance, and began drifting back, gliding with increasing pace, till the oars were dipped again.

'The evening is so lovely,' said Scarlett, breaking a long silence, 'that I think we might go through the lock.'

'Right,' cried the doctor. 'I am just warming to my work.'

'I think it would be delightful,' said Mrs Scarlett.

'O yes,' said Naomi. 'Those islands are so beautiful.'

'I don't think any part could be more beautiful than where we are,' said Aunt Sophia, rather shortly.

'O yes, it is, aunt, dear,' said Scarlett. 'There : you trust to me.'

'Well, it seems I must, for we women are very helpless here.'

'Oh, you may trust us, aunt. We won't take you into any danger.'

As they were speaking, the boat was rowed round a sharp curve to where the river on each side was embowered in trees, and stretching apparently like a bridge from side to side was one of the many weirs that cross the stream ; while from between its piles, in graceful curves, a row of little waterfalls flowed down, each arc of water glistening golden and many tinted in the evening sun.

'There !' cried Scarlett. 'Easy, Jack.—What do you think of that, aunt, for a view ?'

'Yes,' said the old lady thoughtfully ; 'it is very sweet.'

'A very poet's dream,' said Prayle softly, as he rested his elbow on the gunwale of the boat, his chin upon his hand.

'It is one of my husband's favourite bits,' said Mrs Scarlett, smiling in the face of him she named.—'Look, Naomi ; that is the fishing-cottage, there on the left.'

'I have not seen the weir for years—twenty years,' said Aunt Sophia thoughtfully ; 'and then it was from the carriage, as we drove along the road.'

'Not half so good a view as this,' said Scarlett.

—'Now, then, we'll go through the lock, row up for a mile by the Dell woods, and then back.'

'But you will be tired, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia, whom the beauty of the scene seemed to have softened ; and her worn sharp face looked wistful and strange.

'Tired ?' said Mrs Scarlett, laughing. 'O no, aunt ; he's never tired.'

'Well,' said Scarlett, with a bright look at his wife, 'I'll promise one thing—when we're tired, we'll turn back.'

'Yes, dear ; but there's all the way to return.'

'Oh, the river takes us back itself, aunt,' said Mrs Scarlett merrily. 'Row up ; and then float back.'

'Ah, well, my dears, I am in your hands,' said Aunt Sophia softly ; 'but don't take me into danger, please.'

'All right, auntie.—There's one of the prettiest bits,' he added, pointing to where the trees on the right bank opened, showing a view of the hills beyond.—'Now, Jack, pull.'

Ten minutes' sharp rowing brought them up to the stout piles that guarded the entrance to the lock, whose slimy doors were open ; and as they approached, they could see the further pair, with the water hissing and spirting through in tiny streams, making a strange echo from the perpendicular stone walls that rose up a dozen feet on either side.

'Lock, lock, lock, lock !' shouted Scarlett in his mellow tones, as the boat glided in between the walls, and Aunt Sophia turned pale.

'They shut us up here, don't they, James, and then let the water in !'

'Till we are on a level with the river above, and then open the other pair,' said Scarlett quietly. 'Don't be alarmed.'

'But I am, my dear,' said the old lady earnestly. 'My nerves are not what they were.'

'Of course not,' said the doctor kindly.—'I wouldn't go through, old fellow,' he continued to Scarlett. 'Let's paddle about below the weir.'

'To be sure,' said Scarlett, as he saw his aunt's alarm. 'I brought you out to enjoy yourselves.—Here—hi !' he cried, standing up in the boat, and making Aunt Sophia lean forward, as if to catch him and save him from going overboard.—'All right, auntie.—Hi !—catch !' he cried to the lock-keeper, throwing him a shilling. 'We won't go through.'

The man did not make an effort to catch the money, but stooped in a heavy dreamy manner to pick it up, staring stolidly at the occupants of the boat.

Aunt Sophia uttered a sigh of relief, one that seemed to be echoed from behind her, where Arthur Prayle was seated, looking of a sallow sickly gray, but with his colour rapidly coming back as they reached the open space below the weir, where the water at once seemed to seize the boat and to sweep it downwards, but only to be checked and rowed upwards again towards the weir.

'There, auntie, look over the side,' cried Scarlett. 'Can you see the stones ?'

'Yes, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia, who was evidently mastering a good deal of trepidation. 'Is it all shallow like this ?'

'O no. Up yonder, towards the piles, there

are plenty of holes fifteen and twenty feet deep, scoured out by the falling water when it comes over in a flood. See how clear and bright it is.

Aunt Sophia sat up rigidly; but her two companions leaned over on each side to look down through the limpid rushing stream at the stones and gravel, over which shot away, in fear, shoal after shoal of silvery dace, with here and there some bigger, darker fish that had been lying head to stream, patiently waiting for whatever good might come.

'Yes, my dears, it is very beautiful,' said Aunt Sophia. 'But you are going very near the falling water, James. It will be tumbling in the boat.'

'Oh, we'll take care of that, auntie,' said Scarlett merrily. 'Trust to your boatman, ma'am, and he will take you safe.—What say, Arthur?'

'I say, are there any large fish here?'

'Large fish, my boy? Wait a moment.—Pull, Jack.' They rowed close up to a clump of piles, driven in to save the bank from the constant washing of the stream.—'Now, look down, old fellow,' continued Scarlett, 'close in by the piles. It's getting too late to see them well. It ought to be when the sun is high.—Well, what can you see?'

'A number of dark shadowy forms close to the bottom,' said Prayle.

'Ay, shoals of them. Big barbel, some as long as your arm, my lad—ten and twelve pounders. Come down some day and we'll have a good try for them.'

'Don't go too near, dear,' said Aunt Sophia.

'All right, auntie.—Here, Jack, take the boat-hook, and hold on a moment while I get out the cigars and matches.—Ladies, may we smoke? Our work is done.'

'A bad habit, James,' said Aunt Sophia, shaking her head at him.

'But he has so few bad habits, aunt,' said Mrs Scarlett, smiling.

'And you encourage him in those, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia.—'There, sir, go on.'

'Won't you have a cigar, Arthur?'

'Thank you; no,' said Prayle, with a grave smile. 'I never smoke.'

'Good young man!' said the doctor to himself as he lit up.

'Man after your own heart, aunt,' said Scarlett merrily, as he resumed his oar; and for the next half-hour they rowed about over the swiftly running water, now dyed with many a hue, the reflections from the gorgeous clouds that hovered over the ruddy sinking sun. The dancing wavelets flashed and sparkled with orange and gold; the shadows grew more intense beneath the trees; while in one portion of the weir, where a pile or two had been worn away, the water ran down in one smooth soft curve, like so much molten metal poured from some mighty furnace into the hissing, boiling stream below.

'I never saw it so beautiful before,' cried Scarlett excitedly. 'It is lovely indeed.—Look, aunt.—Why, Arthur, it was worth a journey to see.'

'The place is like one seen in some vision of the night,' said Prayle softly.

'Hah! yes,' exclaimed the doctor thoughtfully; 'it is enough to tempt a man to give up town.'

'Do, old fellow, and you shall have us for patients,' cried Scarlett. 'We never want a doctor, and I hope we never shall.'

'Amen to that!' said Scates, in a low serious tone. 'Ah!' he continued, 'what a pity it seems that we have so few of these heavenly days.'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Scarlett. 'Makes us appreciate them all the more.'

'I think these things are best as they are,' said Prayle, in his soft dreamy tenor. 'Yes; all is for the best.'

Mrs Scarlett looked at him uneasily, and Aunt Sophia tightened her lips.

'I should like to duck that fellow, and fish him out with the boat-hook,' thought the doctor.

Then the conversation ceased. Words seemed to be a trouble in the beauty of that evening scene, one so imprinted in the breasts of the spectators that it was never forgotten. The boat was kept from floating down with the quick racing current by a sharp dip of the oars just given now and then, while every touch of the long blue blades seemed to be into liquid gold and silver and ruddy gems. The wind had sunk, and, saving the occasional distance-softened lowing from the meads, no sound came from the shore; but always like distant thunder, heard upon the summer breeze, came the never-ceasing, low-pitched roar of the falling water at the weir.

The silence was at last broken by Scarlett, who said suddenly, making his hearers start: 'Now then, Jack, one row round by the piles, and then home.'

'Right,' said the doctor, throwing the end of his cigar into the water, where it fell with a hiss; and, bending to his oar, the light gig was sent up against the racing water nearer and nearer to the weir.

The ladies joined hands, as if there was danger, but became reassured as they saw their protectors smile; and soon after, quite near to where the water came thundering down from where it was six feet above their heads, instead of the stream forcing them away, the water seemed comparatively still, the eddy setting slightly towards the weir.

'Here's one of the deep places,' said Scarlett. 'I fished here once, and my plummet went down over twenty feet.'

'And you didn't catch a gudgeon?' said the doctor.

'Not one,' replied Scarlett.

'How deep and black it looks!' said Prayle softly, as he laved one soft white hand in the water.

'Enough to make it,' said Scarlett—'deep as that. I say, what a place for a header!'

'Ah, splendid!' said the doctor; 'only, you mustn't dive on to pile or stone. I say, hadn't we better keep off a little more?'

'Yes,' said Scarlett, rising, oar in hand. 'I never knew the eddy set in so sharply before.—Why, auntie, if we went much nearer, it would carry us right in beneath the falling water, and we should be filled.'

'Pray, take care, James.'

'To be sure I will, my dear auntie,' he said, as he stood up there in the soft evening light. 'I'll take care of you all, my precious freight; and waiting his time, he thrust the blade of his

oar against a pile, placed one foot upon the gunwale, and pressing heavily, he sent the boat steadily farther and farther away.

'Back water, Jack,' he said.—'Now!' As he spoke, he gave one more thrust; but in the act there was a sharp crack as the frail ashen oar snapped in twain, a shriek of horror from Mrs Scarlett as she started up, and a dull, heavy plunge, making the water foam up, as James Scarlett went in head foremost and disappeared.

ACTING IN EARNEST.

It is well known that during those hours which the late Mr Charles Dickens devoted to literary labour, so thoroughly did he throw himself into the different characters of his works, that for the time being he thought, plotted, spoke, and acted only in their respective persons, forgetting altogether that he was either a novelist or Charles Dickens, or indeed any other than that particular individual whose portrait had so long by mental intercourse become indelibly implanted on his mind. To the habitual practice of this trait, therefore, a very large proportion of his success is to be attributed; for it must always be maintained that in the truthful delineation of character—and each individual character embodies a variety of the human passions—all the genius of an exceptionally qualified novelist or dramatist is to be traced; and he who can so completely identify himself with the creations of his imagination as to sink in them the consciousness of his own personality, must needs present a chain of characterisation, as natural as it will be imposing and attractive.

And if this be true of an author, with how much greater force must it not apply to an actor, who becomes at once the instrument or the interpreter of the dramatist, and whose business it is to represent faithfully all those emotions which have been allotted to the character that he impersonates? It is therefore not only necessary that the *histrion* act his part with all due intelligence, and with every attention to details in the matter of costume and other accessories; but he must actually *feel* the character—to lose himself so completely, that, for the time present, he become in turn Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, or any other of those personages which his art calls upon him to assume.

A characteristic anecdote, ably illustrating this fact, has lately been reported—on the authority of M. Jules Claretie—touching upon Salvini's conception of Othello. It appears that one evening the great tragedian was sorely pressed by a party of friends to give them as a recitation the last monologue of Othello. At length he consented, and after a few moments rose, and began in that fine resonant voice with which few members of his profession have been so gifted. But suddenly, and in the middle of a line, he paused, then, with a gesture significant of disappointment, exclaimed: 'No; it is impossible! I am not in the situation. I am not prepared for this supreme anguish. In

order to render the frantic despair of Othello, I need to have passed through all his tortures. I need to have played the whole part. But to enter thus the soul of a character without having gradually penetrated into it—I cannot; it is impossible!' Salvini is moved by the associations of his part; and from the moment that he steps on the stage, he is no longer Salvini, but Othello, Lear, or any other of Shakspeare's masterpieces. It is jocularly said in Italy, that Salvini always carries in his pocket a free pardon, signed by Victor-Emmanuel, and countersigned by the Minister of Justice, in case when he plays Othello, of his smothering Desdemona in downright earnest.

Another impassioned actor of the very highest class was the late Mr Macready. 'I have often watched him,' writes Mr George Augustus Sala, 'from the flies before he went on, standing at the wing, apparently lashing himself into the proper frame of excitement needed for the particular part which he was playing, and muttering meanwhile in a seemingly incoherent manner to himself. But I have been assured that these utterances were by no means incoherent, and that thoroughly identifying himself with the part, he unfeignedly believed himself, for the nonce, to be Hamlet, Macbeth, or what not; and would hold the most passionate discourse with himself, touching the guilt of Claudius, the gray hairs of Duncan, and the potency, gravity, and reverence of the Signory of Venice, his very noble and approved good masters.' On one occasion, immediately after the curtain had been rung up on the first act of *Macbeth*, an unlucky actor in the company chanced to stumble upon the tragedian during his passionate preparations, the consequence of which was that Macready, quite unwittingly, dealt him a blow on the hand with such force that the blood flowed forth; and as at that instant the victim was to make his entrance on the scene, he impersonated the 'bleeding soldier' only too naturally, and much to the astonishment of the other actors.

Talma, also, was so realistic an actor, that, in order to work up his grand bursts of passion, he would seize upon any unfortunate super whom he came upon behind the scenes, and shake him until he himself had become breathless, and the man frightened beyond all control at his assumed violence. Nevertheless, the peculiarities both of Macready and Talma were only in accordance with that precedent furnished in ancient history, though with less disastrous results. According to Plutarch, Æsop, the Roman actor, so interested himself in the characters he undertook, that one day when he played Atræus, he, in that scene where it falls to his lot to consider how he might best destroy the tyrant Thyestes, worked himself up into such a pitch of ungovernable rage that he struck one of the minor performers with his sceptre and laid him dead at his feet.

From the earliest days of the Greek theatre,

the drama held a foremost position among the arts, and was considered side by side in importance with oratory. Nor during its reign among the Romans, at a later period, was this high estimation of the tragic muse suffered to abate. The ancients infused such an intense earnestness and zeal into their acting, that no effort or sacrifice was ever deemed too great, if, by its employment, the interests of their art could be in anywise enhanced. And how well these interpreters of the dramatists of old acquitted themselves on all occasions has been fully exemplified in the instance of Pulux, who, on the very day on which he was to impersonate Electra in one of the heroics of Sophocles, deeply mourned the death of his only son; yet this did not inspire him with sufficient cause to tear himself from the theatre and his duties towards the public as an actor. And since, by a peculiar dramatic coincidence, the part he was to play was an exact resemblance of his own condition—a fond father bewailing the loss of his child—he, in order to render his grief the more poignant and natural, employed on the stage the identical funeral urn containing the ashes of his lamented son, at which he was not only visibly affected himself; but the entire assemblage were touched unto tears at this exhibition, so harrowing in its reality, so intensely soul-inspiring in its sorrow.

Descending at once to the time of Shakspeare, and continuing our survey through the whole history of the modern drama, we discover the same earnestness that characterised the acting of the ancients. Of Betterton, the contemporary of the Immortal Bard, it has been recorded, that none was ever more qualified by nature and by genius to act what Shakspeare wrote; and that he never for a single moment, while on the stage, conducted himself as an actor, but as the character he represented. We are told also that whenever he played Hamlet he was actually seen to turn pale as the ghost appeared, so thoroughly did he enter into the feelings of the *title rôle*, so deeply could he allow his imagination to drink in the horrors of such a situation.

Garrick possessed the same powers of realisation. A grocer in Lichfield—Garrick's native place—on the occasion of a brief visit to London, was desired by his neighbour, Peter Garrick, to wait upon his brother at Drury Lane Theatre on his behalf; for which purpose he furnished him with a letter of introduction. In due course he arrived; yet, before presenting himself at the stage-door, the grocer thought he would first see the performance, as he wished to satisfy himself at the outset as to the personal appearance of David Garrick. The theatre was crowded in every part; and when the idol of the public came on the stage as Abel Drugger, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The consequence of this visit, however, was that the grocer returned to Lichfield without having presented his letter. He thus explained himself to Peter: 'Your brother may be rich, as I daresay the man who lives like him must be; but though he be your brother, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, and most pitiful fellows I ever saw in the whole course of my life!'

A worthy successor to Garrick, more especially perhaps in Shakspearean rôles, was Spranger Barry. So terrible did he appear in the jealous

scene of *Othello*, that as he pronounced the words, 'I'll tear her all in pieces!' his muscles visibly stiffened, his veins distended, his eyes almost forced themselves from their orbits, and every fibre of his body partook of that passion which carried all before it. Men and women in all parts of the house were equally affected, the frail sex shrieking outright; while Bernard, in his *Recollections*, confesses that he could not sleep all night after having witnessed such a performance.

Speaking of Barry's earnestness in this particular passage, we cannot refrain from calling to mind Mr Edwin Booth's experience in the same portion of the tragedy, as, when only a year or two ago, while performing in a theatre at Fort-George in the Far West, the audience were so carried away by his terrific earnestness of purpose, that at this point they rose to a man, and drawing their bowie-knives and revolvers, declared that 'if he did not drop his diabolical game at once, they would make dead-meat of him!'—upon which revelation, the tragedian dropped his acting, and the manager dropped the curtain.

Throughout all such scenes in *Othello* and other plays, Barry was himself so intensely moved, that his powers of utterance were considerably weakened, and real tears often gushed forth from his eyes. Apropos of this subject, too, Charles Kemble once told Mr Adolphus that as often as he (Kemble) acted Cassio, on his brother John's pronouncing the words as only he could pronounce them, 'I do believe it, and I ask your pardon,' he caused the tears to flow readily from his eyes. 'One must feel to make others feel,' once remarked an eminent actress, who often shed tears when excited by the situations in which the heroine of her performance found herself; and Miss Kelly used to relate how she felt the hot tears dropping from Mrs Siddons's eyes when playing one of her most pathetic parts.

Nowadays, weeping plays are not quite so popular as formerly. At one time, people seem to have frequented the theatre evidently as much to be made sorrowful as to be amused; and when a particularly touching incident was represented, pocket-handkerchiefs were plentifully brought into requisition. As often as Mrs Siddons appeared on the stage, she worked upon their sensibilities so earnestly, that they would be in momentary expectation of shedding tears as a matter of course. As an amusing instance, therefore, of mistaken pathos, Mr J. Croker Wilson tells the story of a lady who wept all through Mrs Siddons's Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, thinking it was *Jane Shore*!

Edmund Kean was wont to portray his characters with terrible force. It has been stated that when whetting the knife in the *Merchant of Venice*, the great tragedian was so terribly in earnest, that Young, who played Antonio, used to tremble for his very life! A parallel story to this, in which a fellow-actor found grave reason to tremble indeed, is related of George Frederick Cooke. One night, Cooke, after having during the day quarrelled with one of the company, was observed to be intently sharpening the edge of his sword in the greenroom. This was a few minutes before going on the stage as Hamlet; and being questioned, he returned: 'Yes, I and Mr Laertes will settle our little

dispute to-night.' As he was popularly known to be rancorous and violent on such occasions, this news startled his intended victim; yet, as no possible excuse could prevent him from going on the scene and engaging Hamlet in the proper order of the play, he stood so far on the defensive, that flinging himself upon his adversary, and seizing him by the collar, he threw him down on his back on the stage, and planting his knee upon his chest, solemnly swore that he would not suffer him to rise or the play proceed until he had received his positive assurance of doing him no mischief either there or on any future occasion. We need scarcely add that many among the audience must have been somewhat struck upon beholding this new reading of Shakespeare's text!

Stage-fighting is at all times attended with more or less danger, no matter how proficient the combatants may have become by training. At the very first representation of *Michael Strogoff* at the Adelphi Theatre, Mr Charles Warner received a serious sword-slash across the hand, which put him to very considerable inconvenience.

Even more serious accidents are to be found in the annals of the stage. Quite recently, a case was brought to light at a theatre at Poitiers, in France, where, during a performance of *Les Pirates de la Savane*, an actor was shot dead by his fellow. Whether the fatal issue of this catastrophe was to be attributed to accident, carelessness, or design, has never been discovered; nor—as in all similar instances—have the most rigid legal inquiries proved of the least avail in solving the mystery as to how such a firearm could be charged with a bullet; while the 'property-master,' whose business it is to superintend all such arrangements—as well as to himself load the same with powder and paper *only*—solemnly avers his utter ignorance of the circumstance.

Accidents of another kind, again, are frequent, and at times attended with great danger. Notably these are to be met with in elaborate set scenes, where scaffoldings, a complex system of rostrums, bridges, turrets, embattlements, or other elevated portions of framework are employed, which are liable to give way at any moment beneath the weight of an actor, and precipitating him to an immense depth on, or even below the stage, are generally attended with great personal injuries. It will not be necessary to recur to these facts more particularly in this place—our own stage-experience might indeed furnish a few examples—yet, going back to ancient history, we even there discover sufficient precedent for such catastrophes. In those spectacular tragedies, for instance, in which the gods descend in chariots from the roof of the stage, the ascents of heroes to the realms of bliss on the backs of eagles, and the use of other such extravagant machinery was called into aid—these often afforded the means of unfolding a tragedy in the reality; and yet the performers entered so thoroughly into their parts that they paid little heed to the hazardous risks which they thereby encountered. Suetonius tells us of an actor who undertook the part of Icarus, in the presence of Nero and thousands of spectators in one of the largest of the Roman theatres, and so exerted himself, 'that though he fabled the character, he realised the catastrophe; for, falling from

a prodigious height, he was dashed to pieces, and the Emperor was covered by his blood.' This was certainly acting in earnest.

Touching for a moment upon the lyric drama, Sir John Hawkins has told us, in his *History of Music*, how that celebrated songstress, Mrs Tofta, whose triumphant success was first signalled by her rendering of Camilla in the Italian opera of that name, was so affected by the regal dignity which she had to assume in that character, that it exerted a disastrous effect upon her mind. She ultimately, however, regained her proper frame of mind, and again resumed her lyric representations, to the delight and admiration of all who heard her.

Sometimes natural feelings conquer those that are artificial in the actor. On the occasion of the Olympic Gascon Company, with Mr John Nelson as leading artist, visiting Aberdeen, a large and fashionable audience had assembled on the opening night to witness his highly extolled impersonation of Frank Faraday, in the romantic and touching drama *Driven from Home*, and Joe the outcast in *The Ocean Waif*. During the first-named play, all went well; and the deep pathos which the actor assumed in his character of the oppressed son, exiled from his own family, and subjected to every possible disaster, though innocent of any crime, made itself manifest in the eyes of many among the audience, though they were little aware that his seemingly artificial sorrow was only too real. In the second piece, he found it difficult to conquer his rising emotions; and soon, faltering in his delivery, he sank back into a chair, sobbing aloud, and completely broke down. In a few incoherent words, he then told the audience that he had all the evening been suffering from a very painful illness, consequent upon the sudden death of his brother, of which he had only been informed whilst in the theatre; it had been with extreme difficulty that he had dragged through the former piece; but now he could proceed no further. At this juncture, he was led off the stage; nor for some moments afterwards were his hysterical sobs sufficiently subdued to prevent them reaching the audience from behind the scenes.

Another incident even more distressing happened during the performance of a comedy. The actor was a low comedian already high in the public estimation. His business was, therefore, to amuse the audience by his antics; but unhappily, his whole bearing was on this particular night so unsuited to his part, and so foreign to the general conception of his talents, that popular indignation was levelled against him; nor could the audience account for the change, except on the supposition that he must be intoxicated. Some even protested against his being allowed to appear before them in such a state. At length, the actor advanced to the centre of the footlights, and explained to the audience in a few touching words the cause of his bad acting. 'My wife,' he said, 'died an hour ago.'

Verily, might not many a member of an actor's profession exclaim with Molière?—'My life is a sad comedy in five thousand acts. It is very droll to the people in front; but it is bitter to the man behind the scenes.'

COMMON SHELLFISH.

ALTHOUGH, at a well-to-do-fishmonger's, the humble mussel, periwinkle, cockle, whelk, &c., are rarely seen, they really form an article of considerable commercial value in many districts, especially in the east end of London and in seaport towns. Of those enumerated above, the mussel is probably the least in repute, although, doubtless, the time is not far distant when it will be as carefully cultivated, and held in as much estimation amongst us, as it is in France, where every cookery-book contains a large number of recipes for converting this bivalve into soup and every kind of savoury dish. At present, although this mollusc is cultivated here, it is principally for bait; but in some parts of France, where it is much appreciated, the same care is bestowed on the production of the mussel as on that of the oyster; and this trade forms a large branch of industry. For several centuries, there have been mussel-farms, or *bouchots*, on the coast of France, and those situated in the Bay of Aiguillon are especially noted. These farms afford occupation to the *bouchotiers*, who hand over their cargoes of shellfish, when returning from the gathering-grounds, to be cleaned and packed by their women and children. This mollusc is propagated in shallow bays on piles or wattles, upon which the spat is deposited, and where, with proper care and attention, it proves eventually most profitable. When of sufficient size, the mussels are taken off in carts, which distribute, to all the accessible towns and villages, the rich salt-water harvests.

Mussel-culture is extensively carried on at various places on the coast of Scotland, as well as of England, being a necessity as bait for many kinds of fishing. In some seaports, the supply is not equal to the demand, and large quantities are imported from Hamburg. At Lyme, the propagation of the mussel is thought of sufficient importance to be under the control of the town corporation, as at some places the mussel-beds have been destroyed by their being carted away for manure, although they are not very efficacious for this purpose. It is principally in the large manufacturing towns that mussels are consumed in any large quantities, as, generally speaking, a prejudice exists against their use, owing to symptoms of poisoning having sometimes followed after eating them, although it has only occurred after their being taken off copper sheathing, or from being gathered from a spot polluted with sewage.

Mussels soon after planting yield a profitable crop, and they are always wholesome when they are obtained from a spot where the water is pure. If a feeling could be roused as to their not being a dangerous food, no doubt they would soon come into repute as an edible in England.

Cockles are also cultivated in what are called by courtesy 'gardens' at Starcross and other places, and command a ready sale, as, besides being, in the estimation of some connoisseurs, a toothsome morsel, the shells are useful when broken up for repairing paths. Cockles will not bear a long transport successfully, as it is difficult to reproduce their *habitat* while *en voyage*.

The limpet when boiled is edible; but it is seldom eaten, except by the roughest of the Irish

and Orkney seafaring population; though in times of famine, the limpet has been largely employed by the starving people.

Periwinkles, or winkles, are of course old favourites amongst those to whom the aristocratic oyster is an unattainable luxury. The best are those gathered off rocks; and the larger they are, the higher the price they fetch. Their collection along the Irish and Scotch coasts affords a living to hundreds of persons.

Although the whelk is a still coarser mollusc, it affords food for the poor. But it is as a bait that it is of the greatest importance. Scallops are, of course, very good eating, and served hot and well cooked, form a most palatable dish. But in America, there is no shellfish held in such repute as the clam, which for hundreds of years, served in some form or another, has been the national dish. Proofs are left of the way in which the ancient inhabitants of America have utilised shellfish for ages, in the huge heaps of shells which are found in all the old villages along the coast.

Inland, snail-'gardens' are to be found in several continental countries. Here, various species are cultivated with the greatest assiduity, and are fattened for sale before sending to the markets. They are in the greatest demand before Lent, when thousands of the largest kinds are sent off to the convents and monasteries, for the sustenance of their inhabitants during the prescribed period of fasting.

OCTOBER.

WHEN swallows dream of southern skies,
When round the gaunt unsightly bones
Of weary woods October moans,
A voice within me wakes and cries :
'Go, count the churchyard stones.'

Strange with what speed my task wheels round,
So strange, I ofttimes deem that I
Stand by this yew eternally,
And watch each fresh memorial mound
Rise—an embodied sigh.

Ah, Change unchanging, deathless Death,
Your shadows fall across our ways
As erst in golden Grecian days
They fell, and froze the lyric breath
Of warm Ionia's lays.

Yet not when Spring fresh-crowned with hope
Bids meadows break in song and flower,
Or Summer's dim Lethæan hour
Draws peaceful breath from slope to slope
Know I your giant power;

Nor when the great world's nakedness
Chaste Winter's fingers drape with snow
And all the Northern trumpets blow,
Till lands are reeling with their stress,
Comes this relentless woe:

But only when the last leaves swing,
And tattered Autumn blows her stave,
Like wanderer in a loveless cave
I grope, and cry: 'Ah, Death, thy sting;
Thy victory, O grave.'

L. J. G.

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